

# The Tragedy of Hamlet

To lay our service freely at your feet.

*King.* Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildestern*.

*Que.* Thanks *Guildestern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed sonne: goe some of you

And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Queen.* Amen.

*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th' Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,

Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou stil hast bin the Father of good newes.

*Pol.* Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege

I hold my duty as I hold my soule,

Both to my God and to my gracious King:

And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure

As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found

The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

*King.* O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the Embassadors,

My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.

He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found

The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine;

His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

*Enter Embassadors.*

*King.* Well, we shall list him: welcome my good friends;

Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires:

Upon our first he sent out to suppress

His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the *Pollacke*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your Highnesse; whereat griev'd

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was

# Prince of Denmarke

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in brieve obayes,

Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give th' assaile of armes against your Majestie:

Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy

Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee,

And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers

So levied as before, against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreaty herein further showne,

That it might please you to give quiet passe

Through your dominions for this enterprize

On such regards of safety and allowance

As herein are set downe.

*King.* It likes us well,

And at our more considered time wee'll read,

Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:

Meane time we thank you for your well took labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together:

Most welcome home.

*Exeunt Embassadors.*

*Pol.* This businesse is well ended,

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What majestie should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore brevity is the soule of wit,

And tediousnesse the limbes and outward flourishese

I will be brieve: your noble sonne is mad,

Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with lesse art.

*Pol.* Madam I sweare I use no art at all,

That hee's mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pittie,

And pittie 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will use no art:

Mad let us grant him then, and now remains

That we finde out the cause of this effect,

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Or